

Corn has decided to do without the respect and admiration of the people. The promise of the crop at the period following early seeding was unexcelled, and every ear of wheat and corn in the land could congratulate itself that this promise was equal to the realization of last year. The immense crop of 1910 had cheapened food considerably, and another large one this year would have had a tendency to settle prices for a couple of years or more, provided no real shortage occurred in the crops of those years, says the Providence Journal. But the current stock of information about the 1911 crop makes the prospects for such a substantial arrangement for trade and business wherever dependent on the crop anything but bright. Beef and hogs, with poultry, will be the corn-eaters most directly affected. There is danger of a repetition of the highest prices for them, and of the possible maximum charge once more for eggs and fresh fowls. Three months ago the promise under which these all have been sold since last fall brought a large supply of cheap corn into the market. Today the indications are of a rise to the figures of last summer and of September and October of last year. It is possible that the warm weather and drought conditions have not seriously hurt the crop and that the quotations for corn will fall off correspondingly when the real facts are shown to be more propitious.

Among the other interesting pieces of news set afloat this summer is one coming from the shoemakers of Boston to the effect that women's feet are growing larger. The shoemakers do not like this, as more leather is thus required for every pair of shoes turned out. Chicago, having heard the word from Boston, has explanations ready. A large retailer of women's footwear in the Windy City admits that women's feet are growing larger, but says this is due to outings and athletics. For several years, he declares, women have been taking more exercise, doing more walking, playing more games.

Last year there died in the United States of pulmonary tuberculosis about 180,000 people! Multiply this number by three and a fraction—the ratio of India's population to our own—and you will find that these terrible figures covering the loss of life from the plague in India, when analyzed, show that out of a thousand men, women and children in the United States, practically as many die of consumption in the ordinary year as died of the plague in India during the past six months of epidemic. It really seems as if civilized America ought to be able to do a little better than that!

A practical joker at Atlantic City wanted to scare the crowd with an imitation of a drowning man. It took an hour to restore him after the scare had become a real one. The water is an element which does not lend itself kindly to this peculiar form of humor.

The highest paid woman in government service is announced, though somewhat needlessly, to be engaged in the occupation of making money. She is in actual charge of making coins at the mint.

A rich woman from New York angrily declined to become a patron of a Los Angeles hotel when she was informed that her doggie would not be permitted to receive massage treatments in the barber shop. Aren't some hotel keepers independent!

After she had jabbed her batpin into a man's eye a San Francisco woman scolded her victim for having his eye where it interfered with her batpin. We feel almost sure that she belongs to the class of women who regard all men as brutes.

The chicken, as well as the dog, has had its day. A St. Louis hen bumped into a motor car and wrecked it. Possibly this is the solution of the old conundrum: "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

A New York woman says she hangs her head in shame because America is not producing more great poets. "Poets are born, but we can't expect them at the rate of one a minute."

A Pennsylvania minister has quit his pulpit to become a carpenter. Hate to think what he'll say when he hits his thumb instead of the nail.

One of the biggest elephants in captivity is said to have broken its leg. Evidently he tried to stop a freight train.

Society women who take up aviation will get a comprehensive view of the new styles in hats.

Any French aviator who has not flown across the English channel is considered too unprogressive to take high rank in his art.

Soul analysis is the latest cure for nervousness. Its efficacy is likely to depend somewhat on the findings of the analyst.

Shoemakers say that either women's feet are becoming larger, or else they are wearing shoes that fit.

## The Awakening of the Older Nations

The Recent Uprising in Arabia—Attacks on the Mecca Railway Indicate New Unrest—Fresh Hostility to Christians.

On Mt. Nebo, Land of Moab.—Trying to get to the inwardness of national currents, which may be seen only superficially in the cities, I have been over in Arabia. Here, on the spot where Moses was given his glimpse of the Land of Promise, I encamped with a company of Bedouins, beneath whose black tents I expected to find the traditional Arabian hospitality. It received at all. Instead, I have met with scant courtesy, and that this has not been open hostility is due to the unsettled state of mind which does not know quite how to take the new strenuities of the Young Turk government.

I did not know, at the moment, the risk I ran, for the ferment which I found was but the beginning of open, armed antagonism to the government on the part of the Arabs, who attacked the Hejaz railway, despoiled a station and a train, robbing the passengers, killing some of the crew, cutting the telegraph wires, and generally bidding defiance to the authorities. A party of Americans numbering nine, going over the same route as myself, and only two days later, were despoiled of all their money and possessions, and saved their lives almost by a miracle.

The Arabs are out in strength, and this seems to be more than a raid, indications pointing to a concerted movement among the tribes, against whom the government has since sent out an expedition of large proportions. The Arabs are still "out," and Constantinople seems to be afraid of a general rising of all the Bedouins in Arabia.

Anti-Christian, Anti-Progress.—A key to the situation was given me on Mt. Nebo, when a handsome, black-bearded sheikh asked, naively, yet in no pleasant spirit, "Why don't all these Christians go to America, or somewhere else? We don't want them here." The man had not the remotest idea that the Christians held this region before Mohammed was born; he spoke out of the common Moslem ignorance and bigotry. The immediate cause of his remarks was the fact that Christians are now being enlisted in the Turkish army, which used to be entirely Islamic. He was also disturbed by the fact that the government is gathering conscripts from the Arabs, a hitherto unknown procedure.

With more reason than they themselves discern, the conservative elements in Turkey's population are laying the responsibility for all this recent awakening and progress upon the Christians. They think that somehow the infidel dogs are back of this disturbance of the good old days of inaction.

For constitutionally, or rather, theologically, the Moslem is a foe of progress. He is under the sway of a fatalism which says, "The old ways are best." Yet under his rule the civilization of this land has not only stood still, but it has decidedly retrograded. There is a deep element of truth in the charge of the faithful, that the progressive Young Turks are not good Moslems.

Changes for the Changeless Desert.—The Arab has never been able to reason in the abstract or in the large; he thinks only in terms of the individual; therefore he has never created a civilization, although he has lived longer, as a distinct people, than any other on earth. So he feels only vague uneasiness and social changes that are touching his land, along with the rest of the old world. He knows that he has had to discard, of late, his traditional spear, and even his flintlock musket, with the long barrel, is not equal to his present needs, so that he must buy an expensive rifle, which can be had only with difficulty, and for which it is not easy to secure cartridges. Likewise his tent must now be lighted with kerosene, rather than with a tallow dip, and his wife is suggesting other radical household improvements, all of which threaten the old order.

The noble Bedouin cannot grasp the larger meaning of the railway that runs down through the desert from Damascus to Medina, with Mecca for its ultimate goal; but he can see that it has deprived him of the profitable employment of transporting and preying upon the pilgrim caravans. The lack of a sale for camels, for instance, touches him. I met a string of more than one hundred and thirty camels, going south, unladen. The answer I got when I inquired the reason was, "The railroad has taken our business. Now, for most of the year, the animals eat out of our pockets, so we are taking them down to Egypt to sell them."

The Mecca Railway's Meaning.—Everybody has heard of the Mecca railway—the Hejaz railway is the proper name—but comparatively few know its real significance. Advocated, if not originally suggested, by Emperor William, to his good friend Abdul Hamid, it is ostensibly a pious enterprise, to facilitate the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed and the place of the sacred Kaaba, or shrine; toward which all Moslems turn when they pray; and to Medina, the prophet's tomb. It is also of immense strategic value. It enables the government to convey troops quickly to the scene of frequent disturbances by the turbulent Bedouins. Without it, the control of the Hejaz region was merely nominal, a government by entreaty and bribes to the lawless tribes.

And Hejaz province, so little known to the world, and a mere desert waste, is the most important of the Turkish possessions. This anomaly is explained by the statement that the two holy cities of Islam, Mecca and Medina, are within the Hejaz. By virtue of the possession of these Turkey holds the Caliphate, and is regarded as the great Moslem power. Actually,

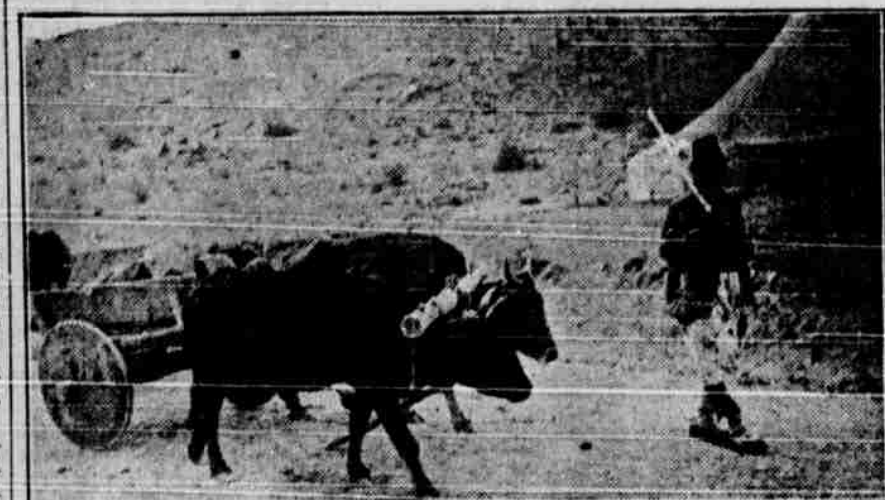
Great Britain rules several times as many Moslems as Turkey. But it is Turkey's hold upon the followers of the prophet that enables this queerly assorted empire to have together. If she loses the Hejaz, it will be shortly all up with her. None the less, there are many standards of the situation, I myself among the number, who look to see Great Britain in control of all Arabia before many years.

Two years ago the Hejaz railway was completed as far as Medina, amid great jubilation. It is doubtful if it will be pushed through to Mecca for a long time to come; at least, not until this question of the turbulent Bedouins is settled. For nearly its whole length the road runs through absolute desert. Special cars were built to carry water. The fear of the Arabs is so great that some of the passenger coaches are armored—and noisy, rattly boxes they are, not to speak of their fith. The schedule, and general management, would be counted farcical by American railroad men; even certain roads in the southern states are punctuality itself, as compared with this single train a day.

Most of the cars are third class, a first-class coach being run once a week. In the transportation of soldiers and pilgrims, freight cars are employed. I have seen sheep cars, with slat sides and two floors, filled with passengers, each of whom carries his own bedding and cooking arrangements with him. Still, this is a great improvement over the three-mile an hour camel caravan.

The High Tide of Pilgrims.—It has been the government's practice to distribute enormous sums of money annually among the Bedouins, as blackmail, to insure some degree of immunity for the pilgrim caravans. Not until this year did Constantinople feel strong enough to dispend with this disgraceful tribute. This is one reason for the present uprising of the Arabs. Another is that this is the first time the immemorial Damascus caravans have ceased altogether to go by camels. The road is in complete working order and news of its operation seems to have penetrated to the remotest corners of the Moslem world.

In consequence, there has been an influx of pilgrims beyond all prece-



Building the Hejaz Railroad.

dent. It has completely swamped the railway's facilities. Pilgrims from the remote interior of Asia, after traveling months, have been obliged to wait days and weeks at Damascus, at the imminent risk of missing the ceremonies at Mecca, which, occurring but once a year, give the participant the right to the coveted title of "hajji." The best estimates obtainable place the number of pilgrims who kept their December at Mecca at more than a quarter of a million.

These pilgrims, who have always been regarded as a potent unifying factor in the Turkish empire, are also a means of spreading the world's unrest, even as they are the greatest single factor in the spread of cholera. They carry to the remotest bounds of Turkey's territory the disintegrating news of the changes that have come to pass, so that an infidel Christian is proclaimed as the equal of a faithful follower of the prophet. They repeat the stories of the Young Turk's religious laxity, and of the serious consequences involved in the enrollment of Christians in that army which believers have regarded as the modern sword of the prophet.

The Most Cosmopolitan City on Earth.—There are other grave consequences involved in this wonderful coming together of multitudes from many lands; for be it remembered that the most cosmopolitan city on earth is not New York or London or Paris, but this productless city of Mecca, in the sterile desert of Arabia. However negligible the pilgrims may be individually, and the trainmen treat them with utmost contempt, they are scattering seeds of national unrest. Ottoman Moslems hear how justice cannot be bought, but is freely given to high and low, in the Moslem ruled by Great Britain and the United States.

They exchange news of the world's progress and politics; and who can wonder if some well-informed pilgrim from India or Egypt puts forth the prophecy that soon airships will be flying over the desert, setting at naught the remoteness which has been the Arab's immemorial defense? The average Moslem is appallingly ignorant, generally unable to read or write, and sure, as they have told me, that the greatest city in the world is that wherein the Caliph has his throne, Constantinople. They verily believe—that is, those in interior Turkey—that the other nations are inconceivable. At Mecca they are learning otherwise, to the real peril of Turkey's power.

A Menace to Turkey's Power.—This is one explanation of the somewhat reactionary policy which has been noted of late on the part of the Young Turks: They are deliberately trying to allay the feeling of distrust on the part of the more rigid Moslems. They see that they must conserve the one tie that makes them a nation, the religion of Islam. If the Bedouins, who never have thought much of the Turk's religion, follow the more orthodox Wahabism, in their crusade for an Islam truer to type, then indeed will hard times have dawned for Constantinople.

Even the new movement of troops, which sends men from Syria and Kurdistan and Asia Minor into European Turkey, and mans the Yemen barracks and expeditions into Arabia

with Christians and Jews from Macedonia and the coast, is a factor in spreading discontent. All of these men, wittingly or not, are propagandists of the new order. It was a momentous day for civilization, and for Turkey, when the authorities decided to enlist followers of the Prince of Peace in the army of the prophet. (Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

### TO THE NEW MARRIED MAN

Things He Should Practice to Learn How to Button a Dress in the Back.

You may not have noticed it, but they button in the back.

Life is a discipline, and so you had better take time by the forelock and be prepared.

Purchase from some large dressmaking establishment one of those buggy ladies who have neither head nor legs, known as dummies or dress-forms. Procure an old gown of your mother's or sister's, and each morning practice fastening it down or up the back.

Set it in a rocking-chair, so that it will wiggle, and see whether you can get the right button or hook into the right buttonhole or eye. When you can do this, say once out of four times, have the buttons changed to a size just too large for the buttonholes, and begin all over again. If fairly clever at this, try a row of hooks and eyes invisible to the naked eye.

Then substitute for the metal eyes a few loops of thread, well lost in the meshes of a jungle of lace.

Do not use a strong light, for you will often have to perform in the twilight or early morning. Speed is requisite, and there should be a few pins and needles thrust into the gown at unexpected points.

At first you can use the language that comes naturally; but gradually this should be discontinued, and replaced by something less offensive. Count ten before you really express your feelings.

If you are able to pass through this course successfully, fastening the gown straight in three minutes

## Happenings in the Cities

### "Spuds" Cause Split in Sharp Family



PITTSBURG, Kan.—"Them potatoes ort to be peeled before they are boiled," said wife No. 2 to wife No. 1, when the pair were getting Peter Sharp's dinner ready the other day. "Well, I guess I know Peter better than you, for I knew him before the Chicago fire in which he lost me," declared wife No. 1, as she tossed the "mushies" for their jackets on into the boiler. "And what was good enough for him then is good enough for him now."

A row started right there and now Peter Sharp is sorry he found his first wife and took her back to live with him and his second wife, whom he married when he thought his initial spouse had perished in the blaze which wiped out Chicago in 1871. Peter would now turn back to the days when he had only one wife—to get his meals. Accordingly he is looking for a man who is willing to take charge of wife No. 1 and take her off his hands.

For Peter's house hasn't been a place of joy since he made the compromise which brought the two women under his roof. Some time ago

wife No. 1 found out that her husband, who went out of her life forty years ago, was still alive and had married again. She renewed the acquaintance so long interrupted and Peter hardly knew what to do.

Then a happy thought struck him. He had been married for a number of years—nearly forty in fact—to wife No. 2, and she suited him perfectly. He had no desire to return to conditions as they were before the fire. However, he couldn't overlook the fact that wife No. 1 had the prior claim and would have the law with her in the ousting of wife No. 2 from the Sharp household.

So, as a solution to the problem, Peter got the two wives to hold a conference with him. He told them how they were old and peaceable folk and could live together in peace and amity without jealousies that beset younger persons. Peter could see no reason why they couldn't get along together.

So the bargain was struck and wife No. 1 was installed in the Sharp household in all her ancient glory. She had to share everything with wife No. 2, however, and this was bound to cause trouble. Finally they couldn't agree upon the proper manner in which to cook potatoes and the result is that Peter would gladly find someone who will consent to take one of his wives—No. 1 preferably—off his hands.

### Aged Farmer Loses \$3,000 to Fiance

CHICAGO.—No wedding bells will ring for William Dennis, 82 years old, a retired Wisconsin farmer who came to Chicago to be married to a woman whom he had met two weeks before at a county fair. The day after his arrival here Dennis appeared at the detective bureau and reported that his intended wife had disappeared, taking with her \$3,000, which he had entrusted to her care.

Dennis told the police that the young woman, known to him only as "Blanche," left him in the La Salle street depot on the pretext that she was going to telephone to a wealthy sister. Dennis waited patiently for her for several hours, and when she failed to return realized that he had been fleeced.

Dennis, according to his story, told the police he met the woman at the county fair, where she conducted a fortune telling concession. Dennis told the police that he took a liking to the woman and proposed marriage to her. "She accepted me," he said, "and we made preparations to come to Chicago and get married."

They came in on the interurban electric railroad. Then they took a Northwestern elevated train around to the La Salle street depot. Mile. Blanche said she wanted to telephone her sister in Grant Park. "You stay



here, honey, while I telephone to my sister, who will meet us with her automobile," said the woman, according to the story told by the aged man. "I'll call up Muriel and tell her I have captured my mate," explained the blonde prophetess. "She will send her French car right over for us. We will be in time for luncheon. I fear she may be yachting." Then Blanche "harem-skirted" to a telephone in the station and telephoned. She never came back. In her little pocketbook she had placed for "safe keeping" the \$3,000 of Dennis.

Dennis, after waiting for several hours for the woman's return, went to a hotel. Next morning he appeared at the detective bureau and told his story. He said that recently he had sold some land, and that he had given the \$3,000 to the woman to keep for him until they had been married. The police think they know Blanche under several names and are searching for her.

### Cigarette Betrays Girl in Male Garb



T. LOUIS.—The manner in which "Willie" Wright lighted a cigarette attracted the attention of Patrolman Daily, and now, incidentally, "Willie" is Ada.

Bailey saw "Willie" at Third street and Washington avenue. He wore blue overalls, black sack coat and brown cap and stopped at the corner to light a cigarette. The smallness of the mouth which held the cigarette first attracted Daily's attention. Then he observed the small white hand which handled the match. "Willie" held the match between the tips of the thumb and index finger at the extreme end and drew it across a brick wall with a long sweep of the arm. It did not light until it had been scratched several times. Then, instead of leaving the cigarette in the mouth and puffing it into a light, the smoker held it at arm's length until it became ignited and choked and coughed when the puffing began. The

contortions of the face alone were a study.

"What is your name?" he asked, going up to the smoker. "Willie Wright," was the reply in a soft voice. The policeman lifted the cap and light tresses fell about "Willie's" shoulders. "Oh, I don't care," pouted the owner of the hair. "That cigarette has made me sick, anyway." At Central district station the prisoner said she was Ada Wright, eighteen years old, 2809 South Broadway. "I got a letter last week that my mother is sick in Bloomington, Ind., and needs my help," she continued. "I had only \$8.45, so I thought I would beat my way on a freight train and have a little money left for my mother when I got there."

"Tony Miller, my landlady's son, gave me these togs, and I bought the tobacco and cigarette papers to help me play the part. I bought a corncob pipe and a revolver and some cart-ridges, because I heard there were lots of rough hobos on the road."

In a bundle under her arm she carried a shirt, waist and corset, which she said she meant to put on when she should arrive in Bloomington. The police held her over night on the charge of masquerading, but released her when she agreed to travel to Bloomington in skirts on a passenger train.

### Bogus Worshiper Would Rob Poor-Box

NEW YORK.—The attempted robbery of a poor-box in the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in East Twenty-eighth street, was followed by an exciting chase of the thief which ended in his capture.

Solemn high mass had just been celebrated. Father McCabe, the parish priest, had gone home, but the church was open. Lately money has been missed from some of the collection boxes and William Mangin, the sexton, has been on the watch for thieves. Standing behind the altar he saw a man enter by the Twenty-eighth street entrance and go up the aisle to the altar of the Sacred Heart, where he knelt as if in prayer.

On the center aisle is a large poor-box, which usually contains a very considerable amount in votive offerings. Walking softly down the middle aisle Mangin saw the pretended worshiper pull from his pocket a jimmy and screwdriver and force open the poor-box door.

Hardly grabbing the coins it contained, the man jumped to his feet and sped down the aisle. Mangin was between him and the door and the next moment the sexton was felled with a handful of coin thrown in his face.

Down Twenty-ninth street to First



avenue ran the thief, with Mangin close behind, shouting "Stop thief!" A crowd quickly joined in the pursuit. Policeman Harry Rosenthal ran with the others after the fugitive, who doubled up First avenue to Thirty-first street and turned toward the East river.

Near the river is Kohler's brewery. Here the watchman, Jack Halpin, sat dozing over his after-dinner pipe in a courtyard. Past him shot the thief and through an open door into a loft in the middle of the yard. Halpin grabbed the man by his feet as he entered. Mangin and Rosenthal soon ran up and the man was captured after a fight.

Meantime the Italians of the neighborhood turned out in force. There were cries of "Lynch him!" and "Kill the man who would rob the poor!" So threatening was the crowd that Policeman Rosenthal had to take his prisoner through it at revolver point.

### IT MAY BE NO BETTER

SPECULATIONS ON QUALITIES OF RELIGION OF FUTURE.

Will Be More Definite and Dogmatic Than the "Advanced" Faith of the Present, is Opinion of One Writer.

Theorists concerning the religion of the future usually plant themselves upon one of two assumptions: that the religion of the future will necessarily be better than that of the past; or that it will be characterized by fuller allegiance to certain views now held by exponents of so-called "advanced thought."

We see no reason for knocking under to either of them, says the St. Louis Republican. It does not necessarily follow, because all things change, that they must need change for the better. Architecture in Paris in the thirteenth century was no infinitely superior to the architecture of the present day as to be impossible of comparison with it. Oratory in the United States senate in 1820, just 81 years ago, was so far beyond the oratory of today in form, finish and inner spirit that it is difficult to realize that the body is the same in function and method of selection of membership. The violins Antonius Stradivarius made in Cremona in the early years of the eighteenth century are unmatched in the workshops of today, either here or elsewhere. No present day builder can equal the cement mixed by Roman artisans in the time of Constantine.

Now we make bold to prophesy that the "religion of the future" will have more of definiteness than the "advanced faith" of the present. It will demand more of its votaries. It will be—inevitable if you will—more dogmatic.

The religion of "advanced thought" suffers from too much width, like a shallow river smothered among sandbars. It has "broken the shackles of dogmatism." Very good; but it has failed to substitute for them any definite obligation or tie to anything else. It stands for "progress"—toward what it cannot tell for the life of it. It believes in "the uplift of humanity." But what is uplift? And what is the thing that humanity ought to be uplifted toward? It is silent.

"Advanced thought" goes on the assumption that with widening of vision comes necessarily happiness of spirit. It has evidently never read the lives of the philosophers. It goes on the assumption that the champion of advanced ideas will, in his age, be honored of all men. It evidently has not pondered the history of the martyrs. It ignores death, inherited disease, and the apparent lack of connection in this world between the service rendered by life and the reward returned by its own age, whether in the form of gold, praise or love.

The religion of the future will have in it less of the spirit of revolt. It will be humbler and have a keener sense of its responsibilities. It will ask fewer questions, and strive to answer more. A youth once told Charles G. Finney that he did not need the formal service of the church; he went forth into the Ohio forests, and worshipped there. "Young man," demanded Finney, "what do you do when it rains?" The religion of the future will concern itself with the devotional possibilities of wet days more than has the "advanced thought" of the present.

Decline of Famous Fresh Water Pearls.—The once famous fresh water pearl fisheries in the river known as the White Elster in the Plauen district of Saxony have steadily declined in importance.

Although the fishing is carried on under the supervision of government inspectors and every care is taken to foster the growth of a variety of pearls well known on the market the yield has so dwindled that during the last year only six good pearls and seventeen of second quality were found.

This is a contrast to preceding years, when large finds were made during the fishing season. From 1861 to 1890 nearly 4,600 of all grades were found. Some of the best years were during the middle of the seventeenth century, but owing chiefly to the increase of factories along the banks of the stream, contaminating the waters, as well as to the destructive agency of floods and ice floes, either the mussels prevented from having the necessary repose, with the result that the historic pearl fisheries of this district are now threatened with extinction.—German Trade Review.

Bees Oust Bats From Statue.

Two years ago bees and bats waged a contest for the occupancy of the hollow form of the Goddess of Liberty that surmounts the dome of the Texas capitol 315 feet above the ground.

Viewed from below it appears the bees have driven out all the bats and won their right to exclusively occupy the elevated cavern.

The bees made a hive out of the hollow head of the figure, as discovered by a steeplejack who undertook the work of giving the young lady a fresh coat of paint.

When he climbed upon the elevated right arm of the statue myriads of angry bees swarmed out of the eyes of Liberty and forced him to quickly abandon the job.

Since then the bees encroached upon the cavity of the body, where the bats had held forth. It could be seen from below that the bees drove the bats from their positions.

All the bats have disappeared from the figure and the bees are in complete possession.

They Do Slur Men.

"Sire," said the bellboy to the summer hotel clerk, "awake and pay attention on your life!"

"Slave!" hissed the potentate, "why do you arouse me? Is some important personage arriving?"

"Even so. An United States senator approaches."

"Ah! But I was prepared. All the valuables are locked up in the safe." And the clerk returned to his slumbers.